

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.

HUDSON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1825.

No. 4.

" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

SOPHIA,

*Or the Girl of the Pine Woods.*

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Thompson came home and told his family what measures were in operation to prove his daughter's innocence, and they all agreed to wait the issue with patience. But—

The sun just breaking through the gloom,  
Began to smile a shining day,  
When threatening still a darker doom,  
And ere the storm all passed away,  
Another angry cloud appeared  
Fast rising with portending dread—  
On black and ragged wings it steered,  
And hung its terrors o'er their head.

The reader will recollect its having been previously said, that Sophia was only about 13 years old, when her father removed to the country. She however, had been sent two years to a female boarding school at Bethlehem, in Pa. and her education was completed at about fifteen. She had made great proficiency in all her studies, and was highly accomplished, in all those arts of refinements, which embellish the female character. Still she was as unassuming as an infant, beautiful as an angel, and in the full freshness of her charms, and an object so attracting, wherever seen, that she could scarcely fail to ensnare the heart.

Although she secluded herself as much as possible, yet a young gentleman of great pretensions—

" ——— Fell dreadfully in love poor soul,  
Sighing and hooting from his lonely hole."

where he was employed in quill-driving as a clerk to the city recorder, and seemed determined to work her ruin, out of the pure love which he professed; for Sophia had rejected all his overtures with contempt, not because he was too ignorant to know that he was impudent. He was, however, of genteel appearance and a pretty respectable family, with whom Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were acquainted. But had he been perfect in all respects, the heart of Sophia was pre-occupied, and that was enough.

Finding a repulse at every attack, and being in great eagerness for victory, he resolved on a masked battery stratagem. He went to the parents and solicited permission for the daugh-

ter to take a ride with him a few miles into the country, in a tandem gig in company with several other young gentlemen and ladies, who had made up a party of pleasure composed of some of the young people of the city, whom he named quite flippantly.

For the benefit of Sophia's health, and not wishing to offend the young man, the parents consented, and persuaded their daughter to go.

This was in the morning, and they were to start precisely at two in the afternoon for Kingsbridge, about fifteen miles.

She was ready at two o'clock, but no partner appeared yet. She waited till three, and was about to give up the chase when the beau appeared before the door, in his tandem style, in high glee. He pretended that he had been detained by unavoidable incidents, and begged pardon for the delay.

Sophia skipped into the gig with apparent pleasure, and off wheeled the vehicle,

" With clattering, dashing, rapid flight,  
"Till all was fairly out of sight."——

But instead of steering for Kingsbridge, he took the road leading towards Bridgeport, in Connecticut, for a while driving Jehu like on pretence that the company had gone on before, and he was hastening to overtake them.

Sophia did not know the way, and did not suspect any deception, until they had travelled about three hours, and it began to grow towards the close of the day, when Mr. quill driver drove up to a public house, and ordered some refreshment for them, and for his horses.

He conducted Sophia into a room, and presented her with a glass of wine. She trembled, looked pale, and inquired with a faltering voice where were the party; and how much further they had to go? adding, that "it would be very unpleasant to travel back after dark."

He answered all these inquiries, by saying "he had taken a circuitous route for the pleasure of riding, but he should now alter his course directly for the place where the company were to meet, and that they would soon be there. The weather (he said) was fine, there would be a moon, and they could return in season, and with much pleasure."

He called for his carriage, handed Sophia into it, sprang in himself, and drove off, keeping much the same course as before.

Sophia, who had not been very well satisfied with his answers, began to be more alarmed than ever; especially as the night was approaching, and she in a strange part of the

country. She however disguised her fears and said nothing.

At length Van Dorman (such we shall call his name) broke silence in words to the following purport :—

"Sophia you will forgive the trick which I have played upon you, when I declare in the presence of my God, that my love for you, above all earthly objects, has prompted me to the act.—I cannot live without you. Until we are joined in wedlock, or joined in death, I shall never let go my hold. I need not tell you that there was no party of pleasure formed—it was all a stratagem of my own. Your virtue shall not be violated—that is not my object. You must be mine, or I must be eternally miserable. Here is a pistol—

"This in a moment puts me to an end"—

If you refuse to make me happy by marriage this night, your spirit shall accompany mine to the shades of death."

These words were uttered in a manner so firm and frantic, as to rouse all the fortitude and presence of mind, which Sophia possessed. It was dark, and the horses were on a slow walk, in a by road, through a thicket of woods, in the county of Westchester. She sprang in an instant from the carriage, and darted into the thicket, like a hare pursued by the hounds.

He leaped after her, and the horses started in full run, with the empty gig, and soon dashed it in a thousand fragments. The thicket was a swampy piece of ground, full of quagmires, and our hero had not gone far before he found himself nearly up to the chin in one of those clay pits that are very loth to give up their prey.

In a word he stuck fast, and found it impossible to extricate himself without help; he called aloud—"Sophia! Sophia! Sophia!"—but Sophia, flying with the nimbleness of a deer, was not within the reach of his sweet voice; or if she were, did not know it was the cry of distress.

The horses, however, in their route, met a couple of the neighboring farmers, who stopped their wild career, and led them back in search of carriage and owner. Coming near the place whence they started, Van Dorman was still calling on Sophia. "Yes," says the other, "fire, fire, let us fasten the horses and go—it comes from the gristmill—let us cross the swamp."

They had not gone half way to the mill, before they began to think it was a bull frog, so hoarse was the voice: To cut the matter short, they found the man—dragged him out all besmeared with mud, instead of blood—took him and his horses home with them—learned his story and went next morning at day light, in search of Sophia.

#### CHAPTER X.

Sophia flit across the bogs through the

swamp with the lightness of a fairy, and when she arrived on terra firma, steered her course across the cultivated fields, in that direction which she judged to be towards New-York, until she came to a road which appeared to be considerably travelled, running east and west. here she was at a stand; but finally concluded to take the western course, in hopes to find it soon crossed, and turned to the southern direction. She kept it until quite late, and found herself in danger of being torn to pieces by those watchful sentinels—the farm dogs. To avoid these noisy and fierce assaulters, she ventured at last to knock at the door of a small house, where she discovered a light, and found a kind reception.

The woman made her a dish of good hyson, and shewed her into a clean room and wholesome bed. The people were neither suspicious nor inquisitive—a thing very rare indeed. They saw she was a stranger in distress and that was sufficient.

She arose at day break—found the people up—thanked them and was about going, when they asked her if she would not stay still after prayers. She consented with joy, kneeled with the family, joined most fervently in the devotions of the morning, in the way in which she had been taught by her pious mother.—They invited her to stay to breakfast, but she politely declined and departed, not daring to inquire the way home.

She had travelled about an hour: the sun rose with unclouded splendor, and threw the beams of gladness on the path before her. All was tranquillity and joy.

"On earth, in Heaven, or o'er the deep profound."

After rising a long hill, in a step of slow and pensive meditation, she cast a look behind, and observed two men on horseback, about half a mile in the rear, making towards her with full speed—one of them was Van Dorman.

The country was open—there was no where to flee; but she saw a sign about thirty rods ahead, and flew to reach the tavern. A traveller at the door, just entering his chaise to depart, witnessed the race—the two horsemen on a full run, and Sophia but a few rods before them.

They all reached the steps of the door about the same time. Sophia flew into the house, and they after her. Van Dorman caught her by the clothes—she shrieked for help; and the landlord, his wife and daughters, and the traveller ran to her assistance, and beat off the pursuers.

"Who is she?—what has she done?"—was the cry. "Nothing," was the answer, "but ran away from her lover." "What a beautiful creature," said the traveller, "who can she be?" "No matter," said Van Dorman, "she is mine." "Not by force I hope"—said the traveller, and went into the room where Sophia was resting herself.



The moment he had a full view of her, he exclaimed, "My God! is it Sophia Thompson? Angel of Heaven! what brought you here?" From this situation Sophia was struck with dread—for it was the very flesh and bones of Tivingham.

"Be not alarmed lovely creature," said he, "I am not the man I once was, and I will go this moment from your presence if you desire it; but I first wish to atone for my former abuses in some measure, by rendering you all the service I can. Tell me what is the matter and how you came here and why these men pursued you?"

The appearance of Van Dorman was not very prepossessing at this time. His clothes, though he spent all night in drying and cleaning them, were still very dirty; and the landlord being acquainted with Tivingham for many years past, and hearing him speak so highly of Sophia, believed at once that Van Dorman was some ragamuffin, and mustered all his household for her protection.

The man, too, who came with him in pursuit, was well acquainted with the landlord, who was a very respectable man, and was soon convinced that Sophia was the injured person.

She told Mr. Tivingham that all she wanted for the present was protection from the grasp of Van Dorman, and a little rest, and she would have some further conversation with him.

The landlord had two or three stout sons, and they all told Van Dorman to begone, or they would baste him roundly. He finally gave up the chase and went to gathering the scattered remains of his gig.

Sophia staid through the day, and Tivingham would not leave her, he said, till she was fairly lodged with her parents. She found, by conversing with him in the course of the day, that he had really repented of his crimes, with sincere contrition, and that he had become a new man.

He proposed to alter the course of his journey to Bridgeport, and to take her into his chaise and convey her to New-York the next day—distant about twenty miles. She accepted his offer, and found herself the next evening landed safely at her father's door.

Her father and mother had been almost distracted at her long stay, and several persons were out in pursuit of Van Dorman. But how were they rejoiced and confounded, both in an instant, to see her return with Tivingham in apparent good spirits.

But their surprise soon ceased. Tivingham had no sooner entered the room where the family were all together, than he fell on his knees before them, burst into tears, and sobbed for some time before he could speak!

"Forgive," said he, "a miserable man who has injured you without a cause." "Rise," said Mr. Thompson, "it is enough." "There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that repent-

eth," said Mrs. Thompson, "and why not on earth." "Say no more," said Mr. Thompson, "you are welcome to our house."

That good from evil oft may spring,  
Let not unknowing man deny;  
For God's wide providence can bring  
Life from that death we all must die.

The vilest treason ever known,  
Repugnant to the traitor's will  
Has oft those very powers o'erthrown,  
That sought the rightful powers to kill.

Our foes—our most malignant foes,  
With the same stroke that aims the wound,  
Oft cleave asunder, and disclose  
The league and mischief lurking round.

Nay—oft may work unconscious good,  
Themselves transforming into friends,  
And all if rightly understood  
Subserve the most auspicious ends.

Tivingham was now informed for the first time, of the base attempts which had been made to ruin the character of Sophia, and of the effects which those infernal machinations had produced in the mind of Col. Jackson.

To make amends for the past errors and transgressions, as far as in him lies, is always the first wish of a sinner converted from the evil of his ways. "Behold the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have taken any thing from any man by false accusation, I restore him four fold"—was the declaration of a man in the gospel, just brought from the darkness of unbelief, to the light of faith in the Son of God.

Let no one presume to doubt, that even the vilest of the vile may, by the efficacy of a divine influence on the heart, become so thoroughly renovated as to change

The blackest demon in the shape of man,  
To angel brightness. On the gospel plan,  
To rear a structure where dark ruin lies,  
Whose glittering turrets shall salute the skies.

Nor is it impossible, notwithstanding there are so many woes in scripture pronounced against lawyers, that a lawyer should become a sincere christian. An indiscriminate abuse of all men in that profession, is very illiberal, and very unjust.

Tivingham now offered to pay Mr. Thompson whatever sum of money he should mention, or do any thing else in his power, that he should ask, to atone for his former abuses; but Mr. Thompson was above laying any penalties on a man already suffering the keenest remorse for his crimes. He offered to go to the village where Mr. Thompson had been living, and get the report cleared up about Sophia. He would go in pursuit of Jackson, or do any thing else to serve the family: but Mr. Thompson would not put him to any such trouble at present.

He requested him, however, to stay at his house, or in the city, until they could hear from the village. He consented of course; and after waiting about three weeks, Mr. Thompson had the pleasure of receiving a let-

ter from the same persons who had signed the certificate, stating that they had thoroughly traced and investigated the report concerning the character of Sophia Thompson, and had found that all the evil rumors were utterly false, and had originated from one or two young ladies whom they named, out of "envy, hatred and malice"—revenge for supposed insult, and jealousy of her future good prospects—that her character was fair and uncommonly respectable.

This letter also, enclosed a certificate from the clergyman of the village, strengthened by the signatures of the first Judge of the county, and all the most respectable men in the village, or near it; and lastly a paper which the young ladies, (if ladies they might be called) had signed, confessing and acknowledging that they had propagated the infamous reports against Sophia Thompson, without cause or foundation, knowingly and wilfully intending to ruin her.

These papers Mr. Thompson showed to the young gentleman whose sister had sent him the libel, as before mentioned, who appeared to be very much mortified at the disclosure, and begged a thousand pardons of Mr. Thompson, for the part which he had innocently acted in the affair which was likely to ruin his sister, the assailant of the character, instead of Sophia the assailed. So it often happens: So the vicious minded pull down mischief on their own heads.

The next point to be ascertained was, how should Col. Jackson be informed of the result. Mr. Thompson felt a delicacy too tender to admit of his personal interference; and well he might, as the affair was, in a measure, the affair of love between Col. Jackson and his daughter.

Tivingham was anxious to start forthwith after him, for it had been lately ascertained that Jackson was in Augusta, Georgia; but the family thought it best to let the Col. take his own time to return, and things their natural course. Tivingham, therefore went to Connecticut.

Matters remained in this situation about six months, in which time Sophia made several conquests, although she kept as retired as possible.

As for poor Van Dorman he never troubled her afterwards, having enough to do with pacifying his friends, and Mr. Thompson through them, for the ridiculous part he had acted.—His passion, too, was somewhat cooled by his plunge into the quagmire of the swamp.

It is "through much tribulation that the saints enter into the kingdom of heaven"—and it is also through much tribulation that the lover, very frequently, is brought to the consummation of his or her wishes in the married state that earthly "paradise lost."

The next shock, which Sophia received, was from a notice in the papers, that Col.

Jackson had accepted a challenge to a duel from an officer in the navy, and that a meeting would soon take place.

This intelligence threw Sophia and the family into the depth of distress: They knew that Jackson was conscientiously opposed to duelling; but they knew also that he possessed an undaunted and lofty spirit, which could not brook an insult. He had held a Colonel's commission in the British army when quite young; but had resigned it in disgust, on account of the principles which he had imbibed in childhood, in favour of American Liberty—under whose banners he was born.

The papers were searched with great avidity for about twenty days, when news arrived that the parties had met, and that the difference was terminated in a manner highly honorable to the character of Col. Jackson.

But poor Sophia was destined to face another whirlwind more terrible than the rest.—About two months afterwards, when Sophia had just returned from a pleasant walk in high spirits, she took up a paper and read in it that Col. Francis S. Jackson was married on such a day by such a priest, at Augusta, to Miss Eleanor Woodhouse.

Had a thousand claps of thunder all struck around her at once, she could not have been more amazed!—Here was an end to all her hopes. Her father and mother strove to console her, but in vain. She became seriously ill, and in a few days would have passed to a world of spirits, had not a physician been found whose skill was infallible.

Doctor N.—, of William street, who had constantly attended her for several days; at last brought a remedy which effected a material alteration favorable to her recovery, in a few minutes.

He first went and told Sophia that she must prepare for a sudden shock—to muster all her fortitude and resolution. He left her and in a few minutes returned, with no other than Col. Jackson.

"Dear injured girl, (said he) give yourself no more trouble. I am satisfied of your innocence—I am not married,\* and never will be to any person but yourself."

Suffice it to say, that Sophia shortly exchanged her couch of sickness for the bridal bed, and the family were all made happy and independent for life.

The moral to be drawn from this story, which is founded principally on fact, (excepting the names of the parties,) is obvious—that—

Virtue will triumph at last,  
When vice and folly stands aghast.

\*The next southern papers brought a contradiction of the report that Col. Jackson was married. It was all a mistake, and wholly without foundation.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion men have of themselves, in women from the contrary.



## THE DESERTERS.

The following narrative was found among the papers of Mr. Mason, secretary to the Duke of Cumberland.

There were, in the — regiment, two young soldiers above the common level, both from the same place, a town in Lancashire ; and each had much friendship for the other. They had enlisted together, through different motives : they marched together, and were inhabitants of the same tent.—One, whom I shall call *the lover*, had enrolled his name through an uneasiness from being disappointed in what he thought all his happiness was centered ; the marrying of a sweet girl of his own town, by whom he was much beloved.—Her relations were inexorable, and his hopes in vain.—The other, a lad of spirit, believing the soldier's life as fine as the recruiting officer had described it, willing to see wars, accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted the king's picture ; and was called *the volunteer*. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow ; she was much grieved at this step, which he had taken without her privity or consent ; but being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented only through affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings : the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, (a nearer approach not being permitted,) and beat time to his steps with her heart, till he was out of sight ; and then sent her soul after him, in a deep sigh. They had not been long in the camp, before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which he had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable, half starved food for powder.—As for the lover, he was insensible to hardships of the body ; the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention. In vain had he endeavored to fly from the object of his love : he brought his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him, and was as absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent mid-night-watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear, the hills of Scotland flew from their heels ; and they had arrived at a village within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court-martial was held ; and they were condemned to DIE : but the general ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre, with the box and dice upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter.

The horrors which sat brooding on their souls the preceding night, and were now overwhelming them, at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid coun-

tenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind, as to wish to die for each other : each wished to live ; and each was disquieted at the thought, that his safety must be built on the welfare of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked earnestly at the little instruments of death, took them in his trembling hand, and quickly laid them down. The officer was obliged to interpose, and command the volunteer to throw : he lifted the box in the right hand, then shifted it into the left, and gave it to his right again ; and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eyes upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst, from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid ; their hair dishevelled, and their garments by travelling soiled and torn.

What a sight was this ! the mother and son on one side of the drum, and the maid and lover on the other ! The first transports of their frantic joy, at finding them alive, were soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what must follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of his own accord. His mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid ; and both, with equal constancy and fervour, poured forth their different prayers. He threw nine : a gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the widow's face ; and she looked as you might suppose her to have done, if standing on the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves ; when presently he gains a raft and is paddling to shore, and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace, but still is anxious, lest even yet some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eyes. Meanwhile the lovers, giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum, with much the same air, as he would have ascended a ladder for his execution. He threw—ten ! the maid sprang from the ground, as if she would leap to heaven ; he caught her in his arms ; they fainted on each other's neck, and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four ; and all his attention was employed about his mother, whose head was in his lap : but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the woman had rushed into the ring, an officer had run to the duke's tent, to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, was an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold on no longer : he came into the circle, raised the widow, and echoing in her ear, "he is pardoned," restored her to life and happiness together. Then, turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediate-

ly to the chaplain, to be united by that tie which death only could dissolve. He often declared he felt more pleasure from this action, than from the battle of Culloden. He shed tears; but they were not those of Alexander, when he wept for more worlds to conquer.

## BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

### KOSCIUSCO.

THADDEUS KOSCIUSCO, descended from an ancient family in the palatinate of Brescia, Lithuania Proper, received the rudiments of his education in the military academy founded by Stanislaus Augustus. The commandant of that academy, prince Adam Czartorski, soon remarked the uncommon military genius of the youth, together with his predilection for the science of war, and in consequence, sent him into France to complete his studies. To the latest moments of his life, Kosciusco gratefully remembered the obligations which he owed to the bounty of his benefactor. The abject, impotent, submissive situation of Poland, at that period, engendered dejection and despair in his youthful breast. He left his country and repaired to a foreign land, there to fight the battles of independence, when he found that her standard would not be raised in the land of his birth.

When very young he was informed by the voice of fame, that the standard of liberty had been erected in America; that an insulted oppressed people had determined to be free, or perish in the attempt. His ardent and generous mind caught, with enthusiasm, the holy flame, and from that moment he became the devoted soldier of liberty.

His rank in the American army afforded him no opportunity greatly to distinguish himself. But he was remarked throughout his service, for all the qualities which adorn the human character. His heroic valor in the field, could only be equalled by his moderation and affability in the walks of private life. He was idolized by the soldiers for his bravery, and beloved and respected by the officers for the goodness of his heart, and the great qualities of his mind.

As the companion of the immortal Washington, he fought bravely from the Hudson to the Potomac, from the shores of the Atlantic to the lakes of Canada. He patiently endured incredible fatigue; he acquired renown; and, what was infinitely more valuable in his estimation, he acquired the love and gratitude of a disenthralled nation. The flag of the United States waved in triumph over the American forts, and the great work of liberation was finished before Kosciusco returned to his native country.

Contributing greatly, by his exertions, to the establishment of the independence of America, he might have remained, and shar-

ed the blessings it dispensed, under the protection of a chief who loved and honored him, and in the bosom of a grateful and affectionate people.

Kosciusco had, however, other views. It is not known that, until the period I am speaking of, he had formed any distinct idea of what could, or indeed what ought, to be done for his own. But in the revolutionary war he drank deeply of the principles which produced it. In his conversations with the intelligent men of our country, he acquired new views of the science of governments and the rights of man. He had seen too that to be free it was only necessary that a nation should will it, and to be happy it was only necessary that a nation should be free. And was it not possible to procure these blessings for Poland? For Poland, the country of his birth, which had a claim to all his efforts, to all his services? That unhappy nation groaned under a complication of evils which has scarcely a parallel in history. The mass of the people were the abject slaves of the nobles. The nobles torn into factions, were alternately the instruments and the victims of their powerful and ambitious neighbors. By intrigue, corruption, and force, some of its fairest provinces had been separated from the republic, and the people, like beasts, transferred to foreign despots, who were again watching for a favorable moment for a second dismemberment. To regenerate a people thus debased: to obtain for a country thus circumstanced, the blessings of liberty and independence, was a work of as much difficulty as danger. But to a mind like Kosciusco's, the difficulty and danger of an enterprise served as stimulants to undertake it.

Immediately after his return to his native country, he was unanimously appointed generalissimo of Poland. In the struggles of the Polish army against their oppressors, Kosciusco often led them to victory. His army performed prodigies, and charged, with effect the veteran Russians and Prussians. In consequence of the treachery of one of Kosciusco's officers who covered with a detachment the advance of the army, he abandoned his position to the enemy, and retreated; the Poles were defeated with great slaughter. The conflict was terrible. Kosciusco fell, covered with wounds, but still recovered. He was conveyed by the orders of Catharine, the Empress of Russia, to the dungeons of St. Petersburg, where he remained until her son Alexander came to the throne. One of his first acts was to restore the brave Kosciusco to liberty. When he was liberated he turned his eyes to that country, where, in his youth, he had embarked for America, and landed at Philadelphia. The members of congress then in session, his friends and acquaintances, and the citizens generally, hailed his arrival with pleasure. The people surrounded his carriage and accompanied him to his lodgings.—



After some time, he visited the shores of Europe once more. He went to Switzerland, where he soon after died.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

FROM THE SATURDAY HERALD.

### THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

I silently stood beside the pall of H——, and in mute sorrow gazed upon her placid features, beautiful even in death. There yet played upon her lips her wonted smile, the same in which her happy spirit had passed from earth to Heaven. True the brilliancy of her eyes were extinguished, but it seemed more as if she had closed them on terrestrial scenes in pity of their earthliness.

She had scarcely attained her twenty-first summer; the vista of life was just opening; her path was strewn with the flowerets of prospective happiness, and illumed by the lambent gleams of young and buoyant hope, while the charms of youth were budding in profusion around her; but alas! the chilling frost has nipped their tender blossoms, and the blooming maiden now lies shrouded in the pale habiliment of death! Touching and monitory was the sight; so young, so innocent and lovely, and so soon torn from the arms of doating friends!

I tasted the "luxury of wo," and enjoyed a mournful, yet pleasing, pleasure, while bending o'er the bier where lay her remains, for she possessed "*the peace that passeth all understanding*;" her last moments were peaceful and happy, and in humble confidence of being welcomed by sister angels, her pure spirit winged its flight to brighter realms. Oh! Religion, thine were the comforts that assuaged her sufferings and sweetly soothed her pillow:—strengthened and upheld by thy arm, she calmly surveyed the approach of the king of terrors—thine was the smile which sat upon her lips when she meekly sunk into his embraces, and closed her eyes in sweet repose.

C.

### APOLOGY FOR FLATTERY.

James H. once asked a preacher, how he could justify the commending of princes when they did not deserve it! He answered, that princes were so high in station, that preachers could not use the same liberty in reproving them as other men, and therefore by praising them for what they were not, taught them what they ought to be. The king was pleased with the ingenuity of the answer, but observed that for himself, he did not desire to be complimented into his duty; they had his full permission to tell him plainly of his faults; he desired their prayers, and not their praises.

*Human Nature.*—A poor negro who was near his end, was questioned by a neighboring clergyman as to the state of his mind. His replies were all very well until he came to the article of forgiveness. "Me forgib ebry body but Sam N——." "But can you not forgive him?" "Why, yes, if me die, me forgib him; but if me lib to get well, me gib him anoder knock."—*Western Rec.*

*Honesty.*—A very singular transaction which happened about thirty years ago, has lately been brought to light in Springfield:—A man in good and unembarrassed circumstances, having a wife and several children, met his neighbor one evening in the street, and presented him with two folded papers, which he wished him to keep. The man has never been seen or heard of since that time. The neighbor, upon examining the papers, found them to be two warranty deeds, by which the man had conveyed to him absolutely, all his real estate. His family was thus reduced to poverty, and no possible motive could be imagined for his conduct. The affair rested thus for several years under the expectation of his return; but no tidings having been received of him, the neighbor has honestly re-conveyed the estate to the wife and family of him who so suddenly and unaccountably disappeared.

A wealthy merchant who had become bankrupt, was met some time after his misfortunes by a friend, who inquired how he was going on. "Pretty well," said he, "I am upon my legs again." "How—already!" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my coach and horses, and must now walk!"

## SUMMARY.

With pain we have to notice a destructive fire that occurred on Tuesday evening last in this city, by which were destroyed twelve dwelling houses, a Sattinett Factory and nine barns. We can make no estimate of the amount of loss. We understand the property was partially ensured, except three dwelling houses.

A monument is soon to be erected in Philadelphia, to the memory of Gen. Washington, the corner stone of which Gen. La Fayette will assist in laying early this month. It is to be constructed of marble and will be about 130 feet high, and cost according to the estimate \$67,000.

*Modern Giant.*—It is stated in the United States Gazette, that an Irish gentleman has lately arrived in Philadelphia, from the county of Tyrone, of the name of Magee, who is no less than 8 feet 9 inches in height.

## MARRIED.

In this city, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. King, Mr. GEORGE WHITNEY, to Miss LOUISA STRUCE, all of this city.

At Hillsdale, on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Bartholomew Williams, ALBERT W. WINSLOW, Merchant, to Miss PLUMA ANN HILL, daughter of Jonathan Hill, Esq.

At Ballston Spa, on Sunday the 10th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Lee, STEPHEN B. GREEN, printer, of Albany, to Miss HARRIET E. LEE, of Saratoga Springs.



## POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

*To the Memory of Lady Jane Grey.*

Could blameless life, unstain'd by crime,  
Or beauty, melt the heart of pride ;  
Or grandeur save, from fate like thine,  
Thou hadst not died.

But noble birth, provok'd thy doom,  
Thy beauty, room for envy gave ;  
Thy virtue, lighted to the tomb,  
But could not save.

O learn'd in wisdom's sacred lore !  
Of literary talents great ;  
Humble and meek, as lowly poor,  
How hard thy fate !

Oh Edward ! fatal gift was thine,  
A crown of thorns, indeed it prov'd,  
To one who was of princely line ;  
By all lov'd.

The cruel Queen, she hop'd to move,  
The noble Dudley's life to spare,  
"Oh, save my husband and my love !"   
Was still her pray'r.

"Oh stay ye messengers of fate,"  
She cry'd, "the Queen may yet repent !  
Oh stay ! lest mercy come too late,  
She will relent !"

But vain thy pray'r, Oh, lovely Jane !  
Of vengeful spirit was thy foe,  
She never felt for others' pain,  
For others' woe.

I see the axe, 'tis lifted high !  
Oh now it falls, each vein streams blood !  
Quick, let the madd'ning vision fly—  
The crimson flood !

This tragic picture, colour'd high,  
Northumberland's ambition plann'd,  
Its colours all of deepest dye,  
Own his bold hand.

But now has clos'd his busy life,  
No more, ambition heaves his breast ;  
The grave's an end of blood and strife,  
A house of rest.

ELLEN.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

EXPLOSION OF THE KETCH, INTREPID.

By L. R. LOCKWOOD.

'Tis eve—but every fading star  
Is darken'd by the clouds of war ;  
And the pale moon has plunged far  
Into the murky depths of Ocean.

'Tis dark—and not a taper's ray  
Illumes the nightly watchman's way ;  
And every light has died away  
Within your scarce discern'd city.

'Tis calm—and not a single wave  
Disturbs the silence of the grave ;  
And soft the vessels move, that lave  
Within the still, unruffled water.

But yet Tripoli shall awake ;  
And every Moorish soul shall quake ;  
And Ocean from its base shall shake,  
When glides yon ship into the harbor.

'Tis done !—see, see, that flame arise,  
And fitful flash along the skies,  
As if a beacon to apprise  
The Universe of dire destruction.

Hark !—hear'st thou not that sound,  
Which rolls to ocean's farthest bound,  
Waking creation all around  
With the roar, and the crash of thunder ?

Ah ! that is the funeral knell  
Of Somers, Wadsworth, Israel ;  
And that's a torch that lightens well  
Their quick passage to eternity.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

TO CAROLINE.

One morning Cupid pass'd me, love,  
Entwining a gay wreath,  
And then I thought of thee, my love,  
And felt his gentle breath.

And as the wreath wav'd round me, love,  
I bow'd before his shrine,  
And saw in blooms abounding, love,  
The name of CAROLINE.

And as I look'd again, my love,  
I saw in letters bright,  
(O, how could I refrain, my love,  
To gladden at the sight ?)

My name entwin'd with *thine*, my love,  
Within his fresh blown flow'rs,  
And then I thought with pleasure, love,  
Of future happy hours.

HENRY.

## ENIGMAS.

"We know these things to be mere trifles."

*Answer to PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Because it has sails (sales.)

PUZZLE II.—Because it has a handle.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Though poor and humble—oft above the crowd  
I soar ; and in high places cry out loud,  
The veriest wretch on earth, and clothed in rags,  
Yet miser-like I often have full bags :  
All people spurn me ; use me like a hack ;  
And yet I often mount my masters back.  
At break of day, I rise up with the lark,  
And soar like her ; but ah, my path is dark !  
Disease in youth my sufferings often ends,  
But death I welcome as the best of friends.

II.

Why are Cats like Dice ?

## WANTED

A boy from 14 to 15 years old, as an apprentice to the printing business. One from the country would be preferred.

## LOTTERY TICKETS

For Sale at this Office.

## RURAL REPOSITORY.

Is printed and published every other Saturday, at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson.

Orders must be post paid to receive attention.